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JOURNAL OF MRS. ANDREW D. COLCORD.

ABOARD THE MISSIONARY BRIG "MORNING STAR" 1875.

See Letter of
Miss Joanna C. Colcord
May 5-1944.

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Journal of Mrs. Andrew D. Colcord Aboard the Missionary Brig Morning Star on a Voyage to Micronesia, 1875

Wednesday, June 16th. Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Took dinner aboard. Ah Tuk is steward, Mr. Swinton mate and Mr. Christian second mate.

Arrived here June 2nd. Went immediately to the Sailors' Home kept by Mr. Dunscomb. Was much surprised to see native women riding horseback like men and with as much ease as if they were part of the horse. How they gallop through the streets! The post-office is besieged by natives on the arrival of the mails from the different islands, and hardly one of them but gets one or more letters. They seem very social in their natures. Most of the women are very stout and strait, larger than the men, and they all have an abundance of black hair which they wear in two braids falling behind, but some of them have the hair done up and wound in a large loose knot at the back of the head. They all wear hats of some kind, mostly small round hats, and most all women and men have a wreath of bright yellow everlasting flowers around their hats.

Saturday, June 19th. Have been occupied this forenoon writing to friends. Things are being put aboard in great haste for the missionaries. Miss Chamberlain and Miss Beckwith called in the afternoon but I was away. Went to Mr. Castle's to tea, and to the Cousins [?] Society in the evening. Enjoyed Home, Sweet Home with variations as played by Miss Castle. Mr. Page brought aboard instructions for the voyage.

Monday, June 21st. 11 o'clock the people collected aboard for services; first, singing of America in Hawaiian by Mrs. Bingham's school

and natives, then prayer by a Hawaiian missionary, Mahoi, who was shot at Apaiang. Prayer by Rev. S. C. Damon, and singing of Greenland's Icy Mountains. Address by Rev. Mr. Page.

At 1 P.M. Morning Star set sail for Micronesia, having on board eight native sailors, a Chinese cook and steward, a Dane by name of Christian for second mate, and a half-caste for mate by name of Swinton, Capt. and wife, and a delegate from Hawaiian mission by name of Chamberlain. Came out into a rough sea. At 6 o'clock had prayers and reading of Scripture in English and Hawaiian. Quite rough during night.

22nd. Still rough.

23rd. Same, though a little smoother. Have made about 300 miles on our way. Have some small fruit trees and sugar cane to be carried to one of the islands, and some crocuses and flowers to plant on Mrs. Taylor's grave, who died last year; three hens and a rooster going to one missionary and a few ducks and a goat of our own. The Morning Star never sets!

Friday, June 25th. Still a strong favorable breeze. We are 700 miles or more from Honolulu. Nothing of interest has transpired except that the mate got two flying-fish in the night and had them all cleaned nice for my breakfast, and some of the Kanaka sailors have eaten them. They are very fond of raw fish.

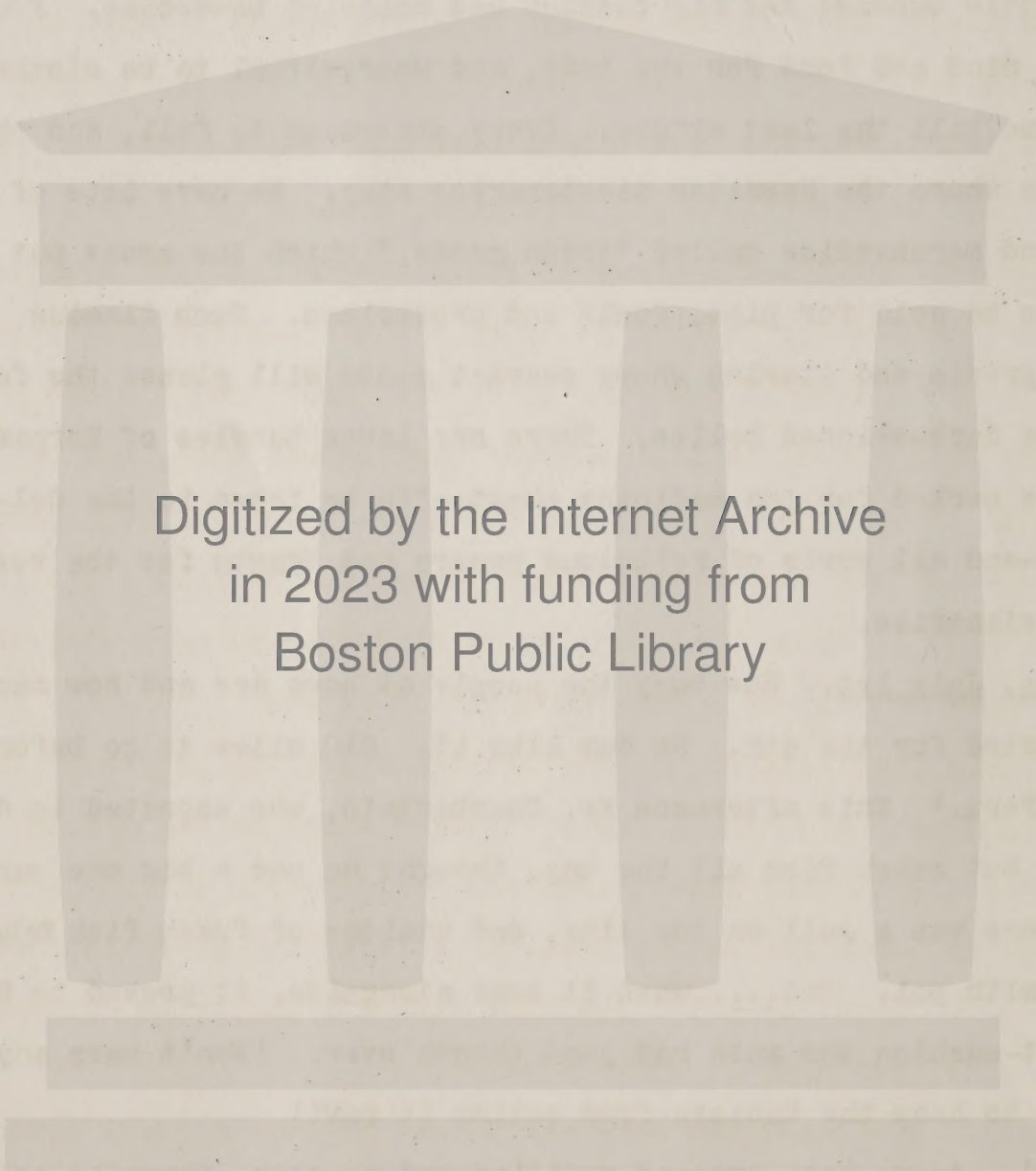
Saturday, June 26th. What a miserable dry diary! We still have a good breeze. Had a good breakfast, and I am getting better of my dyspepsia. We had warm rolls and buttered toast, fried ham and potatoes, fried sweet potatoes, cracked wheat and syrup, and little fried breakfast cakes. What more could anybody want except tea and coffee, which we had?

I love to look back on the day we left, when so many kind friends gave us their parting blessing. I still see their pleasant faces and hear their kind words. The Morning Star is well loaded, for everybody most had something to send to the missionaries, and we have little bundles and big bundles and bouncing bandboxes. Food for the mind and food for the body, and wherewithal to be clothed. They came till the last minute. Every stateroom is full, and the steerage where the Hawaiian missionaries stay. We have lots of dry-goods and merchandise called "trade goods," which the agent put on board to be sold for pigs, fowls and provisions. Such flaming canary prints and glaring showy scarlet goods will please the fancy of those dark-skinned belles. There are large bundles of Harpers' Weeklies marked for the medicine chest--"to be taken in the dol-drums"--and all sorts of religious papers and tracts for the vessel and missionaries.

Thursday, July 1st. How busy the people at home are and how much is anticipated for the 4th. No day like it. 310 miles to go before we get to Peru.[1] This afternoon Mr. Chamberlain, who expected to do nothing but catch fish all the way, thought he had a big one sure when there was a pull on the line, and visions of fresh fish fried and boiled with poi. But.....when it came alongside, it proved to be an old boat-cushion the mate had just thrown over. (Won't have any trouble to keep the Kanakas from eating it raw!)

July 3rd. As we have crossed meridian and equator, there is so much difference in time we have to call today Saturday and the 3rd. So we will get ahead of them at home on the 4th one way if we can't another. We have just a nice, pleasant breeze fanning us along.

[1]In the Gilbert Islands.



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Sunday, July 4th. This morning saw a number of blackfish. Had reading and prayers. Vessel slipping along smoothly. Soon land ahead was proclaimed, and every eye glistened with new interest. We soon came up to a long, low island [Peru?], well wooded, with white coral or sandy beach. When at the western end, discovered a canoe ahead with three men in it. They were soon alongside, and one on deck with his rope, and a mat for sale. Mate told him, "missionary no trade Sunday," and he understood it. The mate, wishing to get rid of him, threw him overboard and a piece of tobacco with him. He managed to keep the tobacco dry, holding it up in the air and floating like a fish. They had a small covering about the loins, and one had on a straw hat with a weed on it. Several more canoes came, and one very large one, in which were two women who drew themselves well down in the boat when they saw a white woman on board. We felt a little afraid, there is so much kidnapping carried on here from slavers, we did not know but it was a war canoe to cut us off.

Monday, July 5th, Afternoon. Are sailing along the length of Tapetuea [Taputeuea] and hope to be in tonight where we can anchor, if we don't get up to the Mission Station. Very smooth sailing and light breeze. Several canoes came off but did not seem disposed to board us. From one we got a few nice fish for dinner to celebrate the 4th with, for such it is in reality.

Most of the Tapetuans were naked, but one had a small covering which he put on when he got alongside, and the steward gave a towel to the other to cover his nakedness. They had some pandanus fruit with them, on which they live mostly. They chattered away at a very animated rate when they saw a woman, and just as they got a little distance, the one with the towel off with it and held it up to some

others in a canoe that were trying to overtake us, and told them what he had got for a present, I suppose.

Tuesday, July 6th. We came to an anchor last evening and were boarded immediately by the two Hawaiian missionaries who are stationed here; their names are Kapoa and Nalima. Nalima says he has 100 church members and there is a great deal of interest. But the heathen pagans are mad because so many have joined his religion, and they have been getting drunk from a liquor they make from cocoanut-bud juice, and there have been about 10 murdered. One man who was a thief and had stolen from them they ate, they were so angry with him. One boat came and insisted upon boarding us, but the missionaries told us not to let him, as he had lately killed a woman and child.

Early this morning the canoes commenced coming, and we were soon surrounded and they crowded the decks. Some had mats, coconuts, shells and baskets for sale, but "Terbacca, terbacca" was all they wanted. The missionaries advised no trading with them. Most all have a dress of coconut fringe coming halfway to the knees; some women among them.

A white man who has been here 30 years and has a native wife came off to try to sell some mats. He said he was a native of France, but O what a mean-looking specimen for a white man! One could almost respect the heathen more than him--so filthy! These natives keep up a constant jabber, and seemed very much interested and amused at us while [we were] eating dinner at table. Some of them were tattooed, some had the lobes of the ear slit, and many were frightfully scarred with wounds from fighting.

Nonuti, Wednesday, 7th. Arrived here at noon, but few canoes here. Bought a pig for a hatchet. Mr. Kapoa and wife, three children, and Mr. Nalima, wife and one child arrived aboard in our boat last night.

Mr. Chamberlain, who went ashore in the boat, was much pleased with what he saw of the progress in learning at the missionary schools.

Soon as anyone lands the natives begin to pick at his clothes and ask him what deformity he has that he is trying to conceal. "What have you got your shoulders and legs covered for?" they say. "I am not ashamed of mine, and I don't cover them." Sometimes they tear the clothes off. All had knives and were more or less scarred; even the children have knives, and play at darting shark's-teeth spears at each other.

Mr. Kapoa brought a bunch of pandanus fruit to me; it is solid and about the shape and size of a person's head, but is divided up into small pieces something the same as the pineapple. Is hard and not fit to swallow, but when chewed tastes a little like raw Indian corn. Looks sort of cactus-like. Each native owns so many trees, and if one is caught stealing fruit, he will have his trees taken from him, but if he has no trees will be killed. They weave a circle of leaves around a coconut tree, so the leaves will rustle and give the alarm if they are being climbed. There are two classes on shore, one that believes in no God at all and are pagans, and one that make a god of feathers, among which they smoke tobacco in worshipping it.

The sun is very hot and but little breeze stirring. Pitch is boiling out of the deck in exposed places. Mrs. Kapoa is an intelligent-looking woman of considerable executive ability. In travelling about the islands, she holds meetings with the women when he does with the men. Verily, she hath done what she could. Her children are bright and well-behaved. Many of these natives have scales of salt dried on them from going in the water so much.

Thursday, July 8th, 9 A.M. Just getting under way, pigs squealing, goats bleating, Hawaiian men, women and children talking and laughing, natives gabbling, captain giving orders and men answering, with the

captain giving orders and men answering, with the noise of the windlass, makes a complete Babel. The hens and myself are the only ones that keep our mouths shut.

An Englishman by name of Lowther lives on this island and is engaged in preparing and shipping coconut oil. Appears to be an intelligent man of good education, but has a native wife with whom he has lived 13 years. Three or four large unclad natives rowed his boat, who he said were some of his wife's relations. A white man who has no wife and tries to live here has got to take a native wife for his own preservation, and then her relations are his vassals and protectors, and will fight for him. At least, this is my idea. He brought us some chickens, and syrup in coconut shells which he said was better than molasses, and a large basket of shells, some of them quite valuable--a pair of cowrie shells that few museums contain. Mr. Chamberlain bought a porpoise-fish helmet which the natives use in war to protect the head and face.

We are well under way with a good breeze, bound for Apemama. Took on board Mr. Lele, wife and three children. Was much troubled with the talk of the missionaries in the night, who made their beds on deck close to the cabin doors under the awning. Mate had made a camp for them on top of the forward house. Mr. Lowther said one of the natives who was stealing coconuts was speared in his side with a long pointed stick or spear. He was not quite dead, but his bowels protruded and he was not expected to live. They eat those they hate. Apemama, Friday, July 9th. Arrived here about 8 o'clock this morning; anchored outside. Boat gone ashore for missionary Moses and family, five miles to go. Soon as we got here, some native fishermen passing in a canoe saluted the missionaries, and said they were glad to see the Houka Ao again. (Houka means dawn, and ao, star.) Soon

a man came dressed in pants, shirt and hat, and said the King was coming. Spoke quite a little English. Soon the King came; had on a white shirt, pants, vest and hat. Most of the men with him were dressed; some had green leaves in their ears, and a woman servant had the King's pipe hung in one ear. King wanted some music, so I played. The woman sat down on the floor close to the organ and looked everywhere for the sound. King said "Sing!" so the missionaries came in and we had a good sing in Hawaiian and English. Then he started for the after cabin and wanted to look at the trade goods, and bought some blue drilling and thread. One man was treasurer and had the wallet hung around his neck. King said the people here love Mr. Moses and many of them have given up their gods and many more are going to--that he is going to be a missionary (Christian, I suppose he meant). King gives the missionary his living, and has given him land and built him a house.[1]

Evening. Anchor up and off for Maiana. Missionaries in their tent, singing "Morning Star" song, to Hawaiian tune "Moonlight," and their voices sound sweet. One verse is:

Ye winds and gales and billows,
Bear on the "Morning Star"
To Ebon and Ponape,
To islands still at war.
The Lord of Hosts go with you,
Preserve the Gospel Ship;
Guard, guide her o'er the ocean;
Thy servants safely keep.

Maiana, Saturday, 9 A.M. Anchored, boat gone ashore for missionary Lono and wife. Heard Mr. Bingham and wife had gone to Samoa to take passage for Honolulu, Mr. B. being sick. Was disappointed I shall

[1]May have been Tembinok, the extraordinary despot, described by R. L. Stevenson (In the South Seas, Part IV). In 1889 R.L.S. describes him as "versed for forty years in the government of men."

not see a [white] woman for months. We are to stay here over Sabbath. Several natives on board; brought a good supply of chickens for a few days. Such a family requires much fresh meat; a pig is soon eaten. Lono is named for Capt. Cook; or rather, the natives call Capt. Cook Lono, the name of one of their gods.

Sunday, 11th. Had a sermon in Hawaiian from Mr. Kapoa this forenoon.... Mr. Chamberlain said it was a good sermon. I must say these missionaries' children are as quiet, good-behaved children as I ever saw, always pleasant, no quarrelling, though there are so many kinds, and well-behaved during service. They would be a good example to civilized children. Wonder where there are nine downeast children who would keep so quiet a good part of the time? You would not know they were aboard. It is a wonder, too, to see such a humble, devoted preacher from a race that was sunk in ignorance as deep as these Gilbert Islanders fifty years ago. There are four languages spoken aboard here--English, Chinese, Hawaiian and Gilbert Island; the children speak the last-named language.

What we thought were scales from salt water proves to be a disease. It is not catching but hereditary. It seems as though the hairs on the body had been greased and then salted, so they stand out stiff and straight like barnacles on a vessel. I should say "shellback" indeed!--think that must be where sailors get the name from. These Gilbert Islanders have a way of elevating the eyebrows and drawing in the breath when they talk that is amusing--in fact, the smirks on their faces are more expressive than words.

There was a man and boy who had their heads shaved and one long lock hung down behind. That denotes wealth, or rather, that they have got enough to eat in the family and a little more--as our grandmothers used to say, they were forehanded. The shaved head, too, is

one they think will be a leader in battle, but if he shows cowardice, he is treated with great contempt and [is] a target for their jokes. Off Butaritari. Thursday July 15th. Were off Maraki Monday night at 9 P.M. Mate went ashore with boat for missionary Kanoha.[1] When he arrived on shore, found about 60 of the natives under arms, thinking it was a man-o'-war boat that had come for one of their friends who had killed St. John Curtis Keyse, an Englishman, on Apaiang..... because he would not give him a bottle of hair-oil. Boat arrived on board 1 A M., we laying off and on.

Arrived at Apaiang Tuesday morn about 10 A.M., 21 days from Honolulu. Mr. Taylor and his two-year old boy Seymour, with missionary Haina and natives, came off in a boat. The child is just recovering from fever, and the father looks as if he had not one drop of blood in his body. Wants to go the voyage to the other islands in the Morning Star and then to Honolulu. The American Board think it isn't wise for him to stay at Apaiang alone. Mr. Bingham and wife left for Honolulu in May, Mr. B's health is so poor.

Went ashore in the afternoon at Apaiang, to which I had looked forward with great interest, but was much disappointed at finding a few huts and only two good-looking houses, Mr. Bingham's and [that of] Trader Randolph, an Englishman. Mr B's had window-frames and green blinds with pandanus matting braided outside--looked quite cozy. It has a wooden frame on to which sticks of wood are nailed,

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[1]Spelled Xanoa and Kenoa elsewhere in this journal.
Robert Louis Stevenson, on his voyage to the Gilberts in 1889, knew Kanoa and his associate Maka (Mucoa in this Journal; and speaks appreciatively of them as "two brave childlike men." At the time of Mrs. Colcord's visit in 1875, the King of Makin (Butaritari) was probably the bloodthirsty Nakaeia; while his brother, "the deacon" mentioned by Mrs. Colcord, was probably Nanteitei, who succeeded him to the chiefship, and who, according to Stevenson, had been greatly influenced by the two missionaries. ("In the South Seas," Part III, Chap. 2.)

over which strips of matting are put double, the end slipped through and hanging down, and are so close together they form a close ceiling, one above another like clapboards. The ends outside are sort of braided from the top down, giving it quite a pretty look. There were coconut trees and a shrub with blue flowers in the yard, and some lilies. Went to see the church, which is thatched with pandanus. Mrs. Taylor is buried a half-mile from there. Mr. Taylor says it will be no use to plant the lilies we brought for her grave, as the natives carried off what flowers and plants he had put there, and planted about their own huts.

The natives never correct their children for anything they do, and they treat parents with great disrespect, and sometimes take a knife to them, and [even] kill them, and nothing thought or done about it. When a man marries, he marries his wife's mother just as much as he does his wife.

[Butaritari?] Friday Evening, 16th. Last night soon as we anchored, Kanoa the Hawaiian missionary came aboard with the King's brother [Nanteitei? see note, p. 10], who is deacon in the church here. Kanoa brought news of his wife's death in May. The other missionaries' wives felt very bad, but did not wail as they do in their own country. Kanoa went up in their tent and told them all the particulars.... Soon we heard one of them engage in a short prayer; then they came down to supper and after supper had prayers on top of the house in the moonlight, as the cabin was too close for such a large company. Mr. Taylor read a psalm in Gilbert Island language, then they sang "Asleep in Jesus" in same language. Then he prayed and was followed by Leleo who prayed in Hawaiian, then they said the Lord's prayer in concert and sung the "Morning Star hymn," in Hawaiian. Altogether it was a solemn service, although one didn't understand it.

This morning they all went ashore, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Taylor too, to organize their General Meeting.

Sent ashore the bedding and table-linen to be washed, and the women divided it up amongst them and went at it in earnest. Got awning up over after house, and it seems quite homelike. Rained hard first part of day. Mr. C. came off to tea and is now employed fishing. Has not yet caught that fish!

Sunday, 18th. This afternoon went ashore at two o'clock to church.... Were met at the beach by most of the missionaries who gave us a warm welcome..... All, men and women, dressed as respectable and looked as well as anyone. Was much pleased with everything we saw. The Mission House is wooden with windows of glass on account of so much rain. There was a lounge covered with matting and good cane-seat chairs. The church is a few rods back of the house, and the grounds between are laid out with rows of Japan lilies and trees and circles of ferns--quite pretty. The church is thatched, roof and upper part of sides, but lower part latticed, which makes it very cool. Floors covered with matting and settees covered with matting also; make very comfortable seats.

Heard a sermon in this language from John, 12th Chap. 26th verse; at the end an exhortation in Hawaiian to the missionaries..... Captain said a few words to Gilbert Islanders and to the missionaries, not to be discouraged, for if they bring one soul to Christ, it is of more value than the whole world. Mr. Taylor translated to them and said a few words himself, at which they all seemed much affected. Mr. Taylor and Kenoa losing their wives, and all meeting for the first time since, makes a bond of sympathy between them.

Mr. Taylor has decided since he went ashore to stop in Apaiang another year, if we will bring him some yams from the westward on our

way home, as his health is much better than it was, and his boy is looking nicely. It must be quite a sacrifice for him to stay another year in blistering hot Apaiang. We are to bring him some barrels of dirt, too, from the westward.

The Gilbert Island men and women have their hair cut strait across the forehead just above the eyebrows, and strait around behind from the lower part of the ear. It is very thick and bushy and looks as if never combed. Some have quite curly hair, or sort of wooly. Sometimes a woman is seen with long hair bound across the forehead with a ribbon. When they become Christians, they let their hair grow long and comb it behind their ears, and if they give up their religion they immediately cut it.

At last Mr. Chamberlain has caught a fish, about the size of a smelt.

Wednesday, [July] 21st. Hear the konk [conch] blowing ashore for meeting. Yesterday forenoon went over on the coral reef and went in bathing. In the afternoon went ashore and visited the Council House, which is 250 feet long and 60 high. Then went across the island, about ten minutes' walk, and looked at the rollers from the Pacific break across on the beach. Saw a young man climb a coconut tree and hitch a stout rope at the top, then at the bottom end make a noose big enough for a person to sit in. Then, as he swung, one would run and catch hold of him and run with him, tossing him high in the air. They have to run fast to keep up with the swing, and are very fleet and sure-footed. Mrs. Mucca gave me some coral. Rained today, so did not go on shore.

Thursday, 22nd. Went ashore early this morning to Kanoa's. Most of the missionaries were there and just having prayers. Went to walk with children. At one hut we passed, a native woman called to us to

come in, and offered a mat for us to sit on, but we declined the invitation. Saw quite a little place bordered with stones and filled in with coarse gravel alongside the house. These people generally bury their friends in their houses as they have no floors. Make a place and cover with about six inches coarse gravel, as they say if they should bury them deep enough for another person to be buried on top of them, some of the family would die before the year was out. They often keep their friends for weeks before they cover the bones.

Saw some natives making a canoe; they are made of strips of pandanus half inch thick and tied together with strong twine or cord made from pandanus. The sides are fastened together at bottom last thing..... Went down by Council House and saw about 200 young men and maidens collected there to swing. The young men were very gallant, helping the girls carefully into the swing. They had their usual dress of fringe, around which they put a mat before getting into the swing. When a mistake was made, and a young man did not succeed in reaching the swing when he run for it, then the young woman must get out and let another try, [even] if she has only swung across once. When one has swung a long time, then some of the young men clap their hands in approbation, and to return the compliment, she has to sit in each of their laps a second and embrace them.

Took dinner at Kanoa's with Mr. Taylor. Came aboard about 4 o'clock well tired.

Saturday, 24th. Went on shore this morning but could not stop but a few moments as the tide was going down. Took a walk a little ways under the coconut trees and enjoyed the beauty of the scene. Never had noticed so much beauty before in these high, arching trees. A wise Creator has given this climate tall trees with a few large leaves like a windmill to shade, and room for plenty of air to cir-

culate. The soft twilight shade that came down through the trees was delightful.

Passed near a house, and an old Chief called in English "Come in," and he spread a mat for us..... Had six wives and about ten children. One of his wives was braiding a mat. They gave me a few yellow shells. Some of the children looked quite bright and cunning.

Sabbath. Went on shore half-past nine to church. Kancha and Lono were ordained; Leleo preached ordination sermon. Text was "Endure hardness as good soldiers." Preached in Hawaiian; Mr. Chamberlain interpreted part of it. He alluded to what a good soldier should be and should not - our American war and France-Prussian War - Peter's denial; Joseph in Egypt; Shadrach, Mesech and Abednego; Ananias and Sapphira. The ordination prayer was by Kanoa, right hand of fellowship by Mucca , charge by Kapoa. Ended by singing Doxology; first tune was Rock of Ages..... When church was over, it being low tide, Andrew had to take me and wade off to the boat with me - a novel way to go home from church.

Monday, 26th. At 7 o'clock boat alongside with missionaries and families. Prayer by Mucca, singing of Morning Star hymn. Anchor up, and off for Maraki. Seasickness soon hushed the voices of old and young.

Tuesday, 27th. Made Maraki; stood in close. Have on board five young men going to Apaiang to join Mr. Taylor's school for ministers..... Mr. and Mrs. Haina started to go ashore with Kanoha and wife, to whom they were going to give their six-months old baby, Nahili. Lydia, another little girl of theirs, cried so about it the father staid with her..... Boat went up to further end of island and got another scholar and wife. At one of the places saw a woman carrying about a skull [of her dead husband. Ed.] A white trader came on

board; said he belonged in Boston, and I think his name was Fedwick. Has a native wife and one child. Soon saw a canoe coming with an umbrella, and who should it be but Kanoha with Nahili, the baby, asleep; said cried so they had to bring her back. Brought some hens and took back Lydia. About 9 o'clock had prayers on top of house and steered for Apaiang.

Wednesday, 28th. Arrived about 9 o'clock. Ejec came off to see Mr. Taylor and reported everything quiet. Mr. T. taking his things ashore; Haina's family and scholars land here. Am sorry to lose Nahili. Each of the missionaries have a clock among their supplies which the Capt. is expected to wind and set in going order before they take it ashore. I think they are Chinese. They are black inlaid with mother-of-pearl - quite pretty clocks.

Thursday, 29th. All the missionaries went ashore soon as we got anchored, and as the wind was ahead, we commenced landing their supplies. Went ashore today noon and landed at the Ta Bonta Bar, where Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Bingham's child and Mr. Keyse are buried. Quite a pretty place. Land belongs to Mr. Bingham, but a native woman intends laying claim to it, as he has no deed of it. Near 100 coconut trees on it. Walked up to Mission Station, about half a mile, by sitting every little while and resting. Went into Mr. Bingham's house where Mr. Taylor lives and rested - nice and cool, windows all open, Mr. Taylor busy putting away stores. Mr. Chamberlain, Taylor, and Capt. and mate, with Randolph the trader, went down to Haina's where Mrs. Glover (who was living with Keyse when he died) lives, and took her deposition, and Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain made out the papers informing the British Government of the affair.

While at Mr. Taylor's, three women with dresses on came with coconut shells full of coconut oil to buy testaments and hymn-books.

They paid two quarts of oil for a hymn-book and a gallon for a testament. They were "mind-your-own-business" sort of people. Mr. Taylor has 60 testaments and most 90 hymn-books, but says they will all be sold in three weeks.

Went down to Haina's. Mrs. Glover seems to feel bad, and well she may, left with two children in a heathen country and nothing to support herself with.

Friday, 30th. Boat went ashore early for Kapoa's family, who stop ashore at Haina's on account of sea-sickness, and for Mr. Haina, who is going to the other islands to get twine to help build the new schoolhouse at Apaiang; and to Apemama to see the King, and [learn] what protection he will give him if he comes there and stays..... One of the scholars brought some shells for a present to me and Mr. Chamberlain. Have been pressing some mosses this forenoon. Mrs. Haina gave me the jaw-bone of some animal with very small teeth, that the women use to cut and scratch with in fighting.....

Saturday, 31st. Calm almost. Taroa in sight.

Sabbath, Aug. 1st. Quite a little breeze; are steering for Apemama. This forenoon Leleo preached in Hawaiian; evening had reading and prayed in Hawaiian and English. Sung Shall We Gather at the River, Come to Jesus, Just As I Am Without One Plea, The Day Is Past and Gone, Greenland's Icy Mountains, Morning Light is Breaking, Gird on Your Armor, and I Love Jesus. Sung in Gilbert, Hawaiian and English. Quite a praise meeting.

Monday, 2nd. Mr. Taylor had prayers in Gilbert, Ejec, his servant, prayed, all repeating in concert Lord's prayer at the end. Evening, Kapoa told Mr. Chamberlain it was the evening for monthly concert for missionaries, so they had prayer and exhortation after service, and then proposed a collection being taken, and got about 6 dollars.

Tuesday, 3rd. Wind light so we cannot get in to Apemama, but the boat went ashore with Moses, his wife and boy, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Chamberlain and Haina. They were much as three hours getting ashore. Thursday, 5th. We are on our way to Tapetuea if we can fetch it. We got headed off on every tack Wednesday, and the current took us out some ways from the land. Drawing dark, and nothing to be seen of the boat. Saw a sail, got out a red and a white light and put in the rigging and strained our eyes, but no boat. As we were short of crew, took Ejec into Capt.'s watch and Peace and Righteousness, Kapoa's servant (can't remember the Gilbert name) into the second mate's watch, and gradually got back in under the land, the wind favoring us a little, though very light. At 7 A.M. descried a sail which proved to be our boat. They were soon alongside; said they did not get ashore till about three o'clock in the afternoon, current being against them. They went and saw the King and hurried off. When they got out in the passage, could see nothing of the vessel, so landed on one of the little islets on which the white trader is stopping.[1] He kindly gave them food, shelter, and protection for the boat and contents; and at three o'clock they started again.

Wind being so light we anchored for the day. Some of the natives came on board and brought some coral they got at low tide; we bought and are trying to bleach [it]. King's head[s]man came off in a canoe with some red coral for sale - King has two executioners.

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[1]In 1889, according to R. L. Stevenson, there was "only one white on Apemama, and he on sufferance, living far from court, and hearkening and watching his conduct like a mouse in a cat's ear." (In the South Seas, Book IV, Chap. 1.)

White trader said a man died in Apemama a short time ago who was a native of Nonuit [Nonuti?], so the natives said they were going to dry his body and send it to Nonuit, but the trader persuaded them to bury him. The natives brought off some squid which the Hawaiian sailors have salted and hung up to dry forward. They seem to be all strings, and look like a sun-jelly, but the strings are long arms which grow to enormous proportions and have claws on them. They are food for the whales, and parts of them have drifted ashore in dead whales. Today we passed a school of happy whales. They seemed to be going through gymnastic exercises - or else were glad to see the peaceable Morning Star that carried no murderous harpoons. Some of them jumped entirely clear of the water, and one happy whale kept showing his flukes a dozen times in succession. [Note: This school of "happy" whales was undoubtedly being pursued by killer whales. Ed.]

Tapetuea, Sunday, August 8th. Went ashore this morning to church. Was quite a little sea on. Mrs. Lono and Mrs. Leleo stopped aboard, but the children and their fathers went. A multitude of children came to see us land and followed us up to Mission House. Two two-storey houses, and very comfortable, cool and airy. Piazza front and back; two good chambers overhead. Went directly to church, which is large, thatched and with open sides and matted floor; no seats. Text was "Follow me." 4 dogs came into church; missionary came down out of pulpit and lashed them out; people laughed. Set about on floor promiscuously and changed about, but gave good attention. We sang "Tell Me the Old, Old Story" in English, then they were told the old, old story, simply, as to a little child.

Had dinner, cold chicken, sardines, boiled rice, and fritters mixed with toddy. There is a very large tree ashore called "ti-ti";

the natives used to worship and fear [it].

We anchored here Saturday morning and were soon surrounded with about 50 canoes, 300 natives on board. This morning Black Hawk arrived, bound for Sydney.

Maiana, Thursday, 12th. Left Tapetuea Monday noon; had quite a strong breeze and rolled considerably. Arrived at Nonuit [Nonuti?]. Was boarded by trader Lowther, who supplied us with poultry. Leleo went ashore and got his boat and bid goodbye to Nonuit for good. Mr. Lowther gave us a nice lot of shells.

Anchored off here last night. Today Lono and family went ashore, and Mr. Chamberlain came back with coral and moss. Had quite a shower this afternoon, and they were drenching wet.

Tuesday, August 17th. Sailed from Apaiang today for Marshall Islands.

Arrived at Apaiang last Friday. Saturday Ejec came off and washed for us; sent vessel's clothes ashore for Ropoto to wash. A man and woman came dressed, and took calico for pig. Monday went ashore and saw the Council House, looks like them all..... Called at the Randolphs and saw his garden; got a drink of coconut and he gave us two papaias and some red peppers.

At Sea, Wednesday, 18th August, '75. Can see Butaritari in the distance about seven miles. Coming night, and seems cold and damp, with a seven-knot breeze. Sky cloudy, expect unpleasant weather, seems lonely.

Mille [Mili Atoll], Friday Eve. Anchored here at eleven this forenoon. Had a very stormy night, rain and heavy squalls of wind, and tonight has commenced the same. Everybody forward getting out anchors and making the ship fast for the night..... Mr. Chamberlain went ashore to stop over night; mate brought off some coconuts and bread-

fruit..... The native fringe dress here is very thick and long, and as they wear a girdle several inches thick under it, lets the dress out behind and front like a grecian bend. These people have the lobes of the ear so enlarged that they hang them over the tops of the ears. They do not wear the hair cut across the forehead like the Gilbert Islanders, and are a smarter and more intelligent-appearing people.

Mr. Snow did not get back to Ebon after the Morning Star left him here in September till January. Consequently he thinks it best not to have General Meeting here this year. So I suppose we shall soon be on our way to the Carolines. This squally weather is very disagreeable, and in fact it is a constant gale now. Have been having neuralgia since I got into wet weather.

Mille, Saturday, Aug. 21st. Early this morning were boarded by about 100 people from shore. The King and some of the royal family came; they brought pigs and chickens to exchange for goods..... They are tattooed down the sides of the face, five or six rows close in to the ears, and the whole neck tattooed close with fine crinkly stripes. Common people are tattoed on other parts. There is a great deal of this disease here that they call "ruffled skin" - much more than in the Gilbert group. See more women with dresses on here; sold a good deal of calico and blue drilling today.

Went ashore and saw Mrs. Kahelemauna. The people were very cordial, all coming to shake hands. Mrs. K. says the population last year was 1,403. The number of church members was 23 but is now 36, and 147 want to join. Kalehemauna means "mountain walker" in Hawaiian.

When we got ready to come on board, the natives came and helped

the sailors shove us off. They all welcome the Morning Star. A native came off alone, with the sea making huge waves against his cockle-shell canoe. Soon as he got within hailing distance, says: "Pull ahead," and "Morning Star very good." But when asked the price of his coconuts and breadfruit, his English had given out, and not another word could he say. He was a pleasant, athletic fellow. Stayed awhile, and got into his canoe, which he handled with perfect skill [in] a very heavy sea for the largest boat running.

Their large canoes have outriggers on both sides, so they can't come alongside. They hold a dozen people, but this canoe was only large enough for two persons. They sit on top the canoe, and how they keep from tipping off and out is a wonder. Can land here at all time of tides, but sea rolls up on beach, so it is apt to board the boat and give all hands a wetting.

Sunday, Aug. 22nd. Capt., mate and boat's crew went ashore to church. Were much pleased, especially with the Sabbath School. The people were so quick at answers; had their lessons thoroughly. The Capt. made an address telling them about the children building the Star for them, and Kahelemauna asked them what they had to say. They said, give their thanks to them. The King made a few remarks. Some of the people came 30 miles, and they seemed as apt scholars as any. It was amusing to hear so many answer in chorus, speaking so quick and stopping so short at the end. The king and royal family set on a high bench or pew, all the one there was in the church. Common people are not allowed to sit off the floor in the King's presence, or rather, on so high a seat as he.

Monday, 23rd. Canoes came off from shore quite early bringing chick-

ens and pigs. Kahelemauna and wife came on board; seemed quite affected when they bid goodby to the Helper and family, who took passage for Ebon. Helper's wife has twin babies, which keep everybody awake with their music. Another man, wife and boy going to Ebon; boy has this scaly disease called ruffled skin. Got under way about noon and outside at dark. A long swell outside made it quite rough.

Wednesday, 25th. Arrived at Majeri [Majuro]. Missionary Kakaaua [?] came off and got his letters, and we all went on shore in the boat. Found a white man there by name of Baiser, a trader from Samoa. Wanted to go in the Morning Star to Honolulu; took him to Jaluit where he can get passage to Honolulu. Said he came from San Francisco with his brother to trade in Samoa, but Capt. Hayes told him he could make his fortune trading in these [Marshall] islands; which he has not realized yet.

Several natives at the landing; men have their hair combed on top of the head and knotted into a standing knot like the stopper to a decanter. They have their ear lobes hooped out with hoops made of pandanus or pearl shell - one had hoops six inches in diameter. The women wear embroidered mats full length from waist, one in front and one in back - makes quite a dress-skirt. We went into the church. The natives flocked in and sat looking at us and talking about us. Some of them looked as if they never saw a white woman before, and would come around and get the nearest place they could to look.

The Kakaauas live in small rooms at back of church; are to build a house next year. They have a little orphan native girl about ten living with them. Mrs. K. speaks English, and it was a great treat to talk with a woman once more. She gave me a very handsome straw bag made by the natives.

Thursday, 25th. Got under way about noon, outside before dark. Kakaaua and wife came on board to take passage for Jaluit.....

Saturday, 28th. Almost calm. Land ho! from the topmast head, and we hoped soon to be in, but the wind dying out calm will keep us out another night for certain. [Mr. Baiser, the trader,] has just been showing us some of the bone needles 8 or 10 inches long..... that they embroider large mats with. Natives make them out of human bones. White men's bones are hardest, so make the best needles. One of the needles was made from a white trader's bones they had dug [up]. The trader who buried him was told they had his bones in the water, and went and got them and buried them under the sills of his house where they could not get at them. Natives brought off a necklace of human teeth at Tapetuea and sold to Mr. Chamberlain, who is collecting curiosities for the Hawaiian Museum.....

Monday, 30th. Arrived in Jaluit at half past nine. Jaluit is quite a business-looking place for these islands. Has three storehouses, a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, several nice houses and a church. Mr. Capelle's house is nicely furnished for this country. He and Kapali, Hawaiian missionary here, were on board to get their packages and mail. Went ashore in the afternoon. Mr. Antone, Capelle's partner, and the carpenter, are white men married to native women. Their children go to school to a private teacher, and are very bright, smart children.

At Sea, Monday, Sept. 6th. On our way to Ebon, came out this morning from Jaluit where we have spent a very pleasant week. Went ashore every day. One day took dinner at Mr. Capelle's; after dinner called at the Chief's. Passed the frame of the new church, and in the grounds adjoining saw piles of dried pandanus leaves, and women..... sitting at work stringing them over sticks about a yard long, and

fastening each one with a stitch. The leaves are about a yard long and two or three [feet ?] wide, which makes quite a task to sew each leaf. The needles used are bone about ten inches long, most an inch wide, and thin as a paper-knife. A bark from coconut fiber or pandanus is used for thread, and no twists are allowed in the thread, so it will lay flat and smooth, which makes it necessarily slow work. As the church is 60 feet long and 30 wide, and sides, roof and all has to be covered with this thatch put on about six inches above each other, it is a great task to get enough sewed. Sabbath, went to church. House was full and running over - it was amusing to see the whole audience on the move, hitching up towards the pulpit to make room for more.....

Evening. Mr. Capelle is aboard, going as passenger to Ebon, and is playing those beautiful, soul-stirring songs and music of the grand German composers.

Wednesday, Sept. 8th. Arrived in sight of Ebon last night, laid off and on, and this morning Mr. Snow came off and got his mail. Mr. Chamberlain went ashore with him..... At 4 o'clock, wind being a little favorable and sea increasing where we lay, got under way, and wind just lasted us into the lagoon and safe at anchor. Came on to rain in the evening. Mr. Capelle went ashore; the schooner arrived that was to carry him home.

Friday. Went ashore in afternoon and called at Mr. Snow's and Mr. Whitney's. Saw the church, which is the largest I have seen and best framed inside.

Sunday, 12th. Went to church. Mr. Snow preached.... House was full, about 500 people representing three congregations on Ebon. So many being present beside the Sab. School children belonging there, it was

thought best to put questions to them from the Bible, all of which they answered promptly in concert. Singing was good. Mr. Chamberlain addressed Sabbath School - story about the coconut tree and John Richardson, who stayed at his post till death came, in order to preserve the lives of others. We sang "I Am so Glad that Jesus Loves Me." Several little girls followed us to the boat.

Monday. Got under way and came out the lagoon quarter past eight, just on the last of the tide. Quite a good breeze, fair for Strong's Island [Kusaie]. Mr. Whitney and Mrs. Snow came on board with the baby, and Mrs. Whitney and Mr. Snow boarded us outside, as they could not get ready to come before.

Thursday, 16th. Almost calm. Caught a shark which has followed us all night, about 8 feet long; got him on deck and cut his liver out, then throwed him overboard. We have some steerage passengers, Mr. Snow's servants and a family going to Ponape.

Friday, 17th. Calm. Took down the mainsail and put up awning, which makes a nice place to sit on top of house. Had divine service at 8 o'clock conducted by Mr. Snow, in English and Marshall Island. Evening, had service by Capt. and delegate in Hawaiian and English.

Saturday, Sept. 18th. Here we are with very little wind and very much rain, and not making much progress towards Kusie [Kusaie or Ualah in the Carolines].

When we arrived at Ebon we anchored outside about 10 A.M. At 4 P.M. wind and sea had increased so it was not thought safe laying there, so got under way, and wind just changed fair fast as it was needed, and just lasted us safe into the lagoon when it changed again. We heard that the natives were just having their regular Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and were praying very earnestly that the

Morning Star might go safe into the lagoon. Mr. Chamberlain, who landed in the morning, was at the meeting and told them about the great revivals under Moody and Sankey in London, New York and all the large cities, and the religious interest throughout the world; and some of them spoke and said they had been praying for the conversion of the world, but did not know as it would do any good. Now they were satisfied that their prayer was answered! Innocence, as well as faith.

Strong's Island or Kusie, Monday, 20th. This has been a very happy day. About 4 o'clock Sabbath afternoon, came in the lagoon. Kanker, who is next the King in authority, came on board, and with him was Likisaksa, the pastor here. They brought letters to Mr. Snow and wife, left here by Capt. Willis and wife, of bark Bartholomew Gosnold. which sprang a leak and was repaired here. He expressed satisfaction and thanks for the kind treatment of the King and people to him while here, and wished Mr. Snow to tell them. Said he had not lost an article, though everything was taken out for repairs.

Went ashore in the evening to prayer-meeting; several of the natives took part. Conlerler, who came passenger with us from Ebon with his wife and two children, talked, and Mr. and Mrs. Snow ex - pressed great surprise that he could speak so well; [said] that he outdone himself. His mother died while he was away. He has been cooking for the Snows at Ebon. All seemed glad to see the Morning Star, sung the Morning Star hymn and were very friendly.

Kusie is a delightful place. The land is high and mountainous. and covered with verdure. The harbor is small and the land seems near, so the eye can distinguish all the foliage. This is not a coral isle, but of volcanic formation.

This morning soon as breakfast was over, went ashore with Mrs.

Snow to her house where she used to live on Dove Island, which is at the extremity of the mainland where it runs out to a point in the harbor. Likisaksa met us at the landing; his house is back of Mr. Snow's and he takes care of the premises. There is just room for the two houses and a garden on the islet, which is connected with the mainland by a made walk. Mr. Snow's house has one very large room, then a bedroom in one corner, storeroom opposite, and spare bedroom in another corner. The walls are thin strips of wood or clapboard, tied together like some of our window-blinds. The posts are of mangrove and roof of cocoanut. Where the roof fastens on to the large posts the cord is of two colors and put on much as rigging is done, close and even, in layers. The roof is thatched, and the walls are plastered inside and out with a plaster of lime made from shells, so the house looks as if painted white.

Soon the people began to come in and shake hands. The children set down on the floor just inside the door and were busy looking over and reading a primer Mr. Snow has been printing. Went out for a walk; some of the children went with me, and we got several kinds of ferns and flowers that grow on the trees and rocks. Got some blossoms of the hybiscus, which is very much like a calla lily, some bright orange mimosa blossoms, and a fragrant herb - looks like pennyroyal - that some captains use for medicine for sailors, and call "spanker-boom tea." There are bright scarlet hybiscus flowers on large trees, very showy. One of the girls, about 12 years, I liked very much - something very attractive and interesting about her. When I got back, she was pointed out as the one Miss Park liked so much when she was here two years ago. Her name was Canga.

Toguse is King; the Queen's name is Shruse. They are a very

pleasant, pretty couple and quite genteel in appearance. The Queen called at Mrs. Snow's just as we were coming off to dinner, and brought trays of breadfruit all cooked, and taro and bananas. She also sent some aboard to Mrs. Whitney. As we were coming off, we invited her to come and take some dinner with us, which she did. She wore a pink-and-white brilliant dress and a white flannel sacque. Her hair was combed smoothly back and combed in a pug at the back of the head, and looked very neat. She has pleasant black eyes and comely features.

In the afternoon we all went up one of the rivers. Got a bunch of the "vegetable ivory" which grows there, and in shape is similar to the pandanus. [Later] We went and called at the King's. He has two houses; one seemed to be a dwelling-house, the other a sort of Council House, it is so large. The floor is made of mangrove roots tied together close; makes a very smooth, nice floor. There were walks of the same extending all around his house. The fastenings of the frame were very pretty, laid in large patterns with two-colored cord, black and brown. There were two sleek, fat cows out to the door; Mr. Snow fed one of them with the leaves and fruit from a bread-fruit tree; she seemed to like it. There were bushes of red peppers and mummy apples and tobacco growing there.

The King always sends a present of food of some kind after anyone has called upon him - Kusie fashion! He sent plenty of bananas and coconuts, and we got also oranges, lemons, pineapples, mummy apples and sugar-cane here, with taro and bread-fruit. (I don't like bread-fruit, but I like poi, the Hawaiian native dish. We had 13 barrels among our stores for this voyage.)

[Tuesday, Sept. 21st] Got under way early this morning. King's boat

with ours helped tow us out safe, and we bid goodbye to beautiful Kusie and its lemon-scented air. Good breeze, and fair.

Wednesday, 22nd. Strong breeze, squally during the night. Rains by spells. Looking for Pinglap [Pingelap] which is a low coral isle.

Thursday, 23rd. Layed to all night. Got under easy sail till we could get observation, which put us 60 miles south of Mogil [Mokil]. Roll heavy.

Friday, 24th. Made Mogil early this morn, loaded the boat with lumber for a Mr. Smith there. Mr. Whitney went ashore in the boat to see the people. The King and some of the people came off to see us. Soon got under way for Ponape.

Saturday, 25th. Saw Ponape from aloft yesterday afternoon, very plain; this morn from deck. High mountainous land like Kusie. Breeze fair, and we will soon be there. [Later] A pilot came off, by name of Robinson, and we anchored close in to the land. Mr. Sturgis came on board just at 12, so took dinner with us. Natives came off in canoes. After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Chamberlain and ourselves went ashore to see Mrs. Sturgis. They have the pleasantest situation and most homelike looking house of all Micronesia - a two-storey wooden house with an ell. Two bay-windows in main house, and looks homelike inside as well as out. Birds were singing in the trees, sounded like a robin. The air is full of sweetness, and the views from the house quite picturesque. Ponape is all high land and thickly wooded.

Mrs. Sturgis is quite an invalid, but thinks she will stay here longer yet. Mrs. Rand is down to Mr. Logan's station, confined there by a daughter four weeks old.

Sunday, 26th. Went ashore to church this morn. Tide being down,

we went as far as we could in a boat, then got into a canoe rest the way, and two natives paddled us safe ashore. One had a deep scar close alongside backbone in small of back, wide enough for a sword-cut. As he paddled I almost feared it would open. Don't see how he lived with such a wound. Found the church full of people and first service most done. There are wooden seats, and men sit on one side and women on the other. About all the congregation stay to Sab. School, which is conducted by Hezekianah, Hezekiah's wife. Singing first by infant class, then passages of Scripture, repeated by each class in turn as they were called on, from the old men and women to the young children..... Whole congregation came to shake hands. The people do not seem so quiet and civilized as the Kusians. They rub turmeric on themselves, which gives their skin a yellow look, as if they had just come out of the dye-pot.

Came on board to dinner. This eve the water looked very pretty with the clouds reflected in it like a mirror, and the sweetness of the air made it very pleasant sitting on deck. There is chance for great improvement in the people here.

Monday, 27th. Before daylight Mr. Logan and Mr. Rand came on board in a canoe from Canaan [Kanan] ten miles from here, where they live. It was raining pouring. After breakfast soon as tide was up went ashore with Mrs. Sturgis and Mrs. Whitney to spend the day. While ashore, it was decided for Mr. Rand to build his house at Canaan, and that is to be considered the central mission station. Had dinner - boiled yams and breadfruit, mutton and chicken, succotash, bread and butter, pineapple, rice and cracked wheat. Singing of the birds on shore was very pleasant. Came on board about 4 o'clock.

Tuesday, 28th. Mr. Chamberlain, Whitney and Sturgis have gone about

8 miles in the boat to see the ruins. King's son came on board. Many children and women aboard in the afternoon. Went ashore for an hour; when we came off, our boat had a race with a canoe full of natives. They seemed to enjoy it.

The vegetation here grows with great luxuriance. Trees are covered with a vine like ivy, and ferns and moss grow to cover the trunks. It is very hard to try to walk; so many rocks and holes and so much underbrush, one is in danger of falling headlong every minute.

The natives are very fond of headdresses and wreathes. Most all have headdresses made of beads sewed on to a band with red tassels behind, flowers and vines on their heads or behind their ears, and some are very becoming.

Wednesday [Sept. 29th]. Went ashore and took dinner at Mr. Sturgis'. Had a pleasant time. Titus, whois going in the Morning Star to the Mortlocks, and Markapaine, who is going to marry him and go with him, [both] as teachers, came in and were introduced, and were adopted by the Capt. Titus is a widower and Markapane a widow, and according to native practice they want to keep Markapane in their clan, so her husband's brother has put away his wife to marry her and is opposed to her marrying Titus. They will not let her have her clothes, and have threatened what they will do so much [that] she is frightened; so Mr. Sturgis thought best for the Capt. to adopt them according to native practice - that is, insure them his protection. Every foreigner that lands on these islands is immediately adopted by some of them. They say, "That's my son," and they see that he has something to eat, and protect him. They are very much pleased to have a white man among their clan or family. They think much of those that are good workers and useful, and that

is why they don't want to lose Markapane. Sometimes they betroth a very young girl to a toothless, senseless old man and make her marry him so as to keep up the rank.

The people are not so well clothed as the Marshall Islanders. Scarce a man of them that wears more than the native fringe dress or cawl as they call it. Some of the church members wear pants on Sabbath, but only a shirt and cawl weekdays. They trim the tops of the cawl with red yarn fringe or red flannel. They also wear fancy belts of beads sewed on cloth, above the cawl. Red, white, black and blue beads are used all together, and make very showy headdresses and necklaces. These people do not look much more civilized than the Gilbert Islanders. They are pleasanter - not so sullen and morose.

Thursday [Sept. 30th]. Took on board Mr. Rand's bullock. Mr. Whitney, wife and baby, came on board, and crew hove up anchor and manned both boats and the pilot's boat with our crew and natives, and towed inside reef for Canaan. A squall coming up, anchored at 4 o'clock, about 4 miles from Canaan. Mr. Logan came off, and Mr. Whitney and wife went ashore to his house. Native canoes have followed us all the way.

Friday [Sept. 31st]. Got under way for Canaan, men pulling. Anchored about noon, and began unloading Mr. Logan's and Mr. Rand's supplies.

Sunday, Oct. 3rd. Did not feel able to go ashore to church. Went to the school examination Friday. About 60 scholars. Singing, essays on the planets, dialogues, gymnastics, ending with Home, Sweet Home, sung by the scholars as they marched around one after the other till they got to the door and marched out. Girls were dressed with dresses and boys with shirts, most with pants, some with native dress. Most all had headbands of beads and wreathes of flowers or

or leaves, and some headdresses with feathers which they took off and presented to us when they came to shake hands. (This is native fashion.) Quite a mingling of bright colors. When we first landed, found the school in a procession at the landing, singing Morning Star hymn as a welcome. Scholars done their teachers credit. Afterwards people came up to shake hands, and then we all adjourned to Mr. Logan's for tea. This school has been under Mr. Logan and wife.

Natives brought up the supplies that had been landed, and as they neared the house, came with a loud song and shouting, as they do when they carry food to the feasts of their Kings. Altogether a pleasant time.

Monday, Oct. 4th. Came out from Canaan harbor about noon, bound for the Mortlock Islands. Mr. Sturgis and a boy called David and a girl called Talitha Cumi are passengers. Titus, the bridegroom, did not come up to agreement, but left Markapane for an old sweetheart; so prevented himself and Markapane from going to the Mortlocks as teachers. A great disappointment to Mr. Sturgis. Am sorry our adopted children should behave so.

Have a good breeze and fair. Mrs. Rand came on board awhile this morn and had a sing. Received a note from Mrs. Sturgis urging me to stop with her while the Morning Star is gone to the Mortlocks.

Sunday, 10th. Arrived at Lugnor [Luknnor], one of the Mortlock group, about 10 o'clock. Were boarded outside by a crew of natives in a canoe. They report David and wife, and Obedina and Obedinia, down to another island to church. Went ashore as soon as we arrived, and 400 to 500 natives were collected, and the women and children formed a line on each side the walk to the church, and gave us a pleasant welcome. Went into the church and up into the pulpit, as there was no

other seat. Natives immediately came in and filled in close, seated on the floor, women on one side, men on the other. None of us could speak a word of their language, and we had no interpreter, the missionaries being gone; [but] all the natives speak a little English. Mr. Sturgis told the head chief, who came in boat and was sitting near pulpit, to commence meeting, so he told the people to sing. Then he prayed. The children sung, then we sung "I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me." Then Talitha Cumi sang in Ponape, "Never Be Afraid to Speak for Jesus." Then Mr. Sturgis prayed and we came home. The people seemed very devout; everyone bowed the head in prayer-time. Their singing reminded me of priests chanting in Latin. Some were very anxious to shake hands. We all had to wash our hands clean of the yellow paint or turmeric they paint themselves with. Some had paint on and oil over it. One had a bright yellow streak down forehead and nose, then strait across the eyes, which set off his dark complexion. I must say, I felt a little nervous, seeing so many painted, feather-bedecked people. The men wear a mantle made of two pieces of native cloth made of the fibre of the manilla pineapple - two breadths, a yard and a half long, sewed together with space to put the head through. Most are dyed a deep yellow with turmeric. They wear a girdle of yellow cloth about the loins, black beads made from coconut wound around the wrist, forming bracelets, strings of large black beads in the ear which must be a half-pound weight, and necklaces of beads. The hair is done in a chignon at back of head, and confined by a large yellow wooden pin run up through it, then a tufted cushion or strip of something yellow goes around the chignon, then a long wooden fork, long as a table-fork, with feathers or wings of feathers fastened on the end, is stuck into the top of the chignon and stands out over the forehead. The women wear a piece of native cloth

striped black and white in different patterns strait around the hips about half a yard deep. Their hair is loose and tucked under a little in back of neck, but no ornaments. They are a very pleasant, quiet, well-behaved people, more so than anywhere we have been but Kusie.

Monday, 11th. Vessel was crowded with natives all day, but they were quiet and well-behaved. Brought some shells, and those that were old and lustreless they set in water so as to make them look shiny and new. Quite a Yankee trick.

Tuesday, 12th. Got under way and sailed for Tar (?), the island Obadinah and Obadinia are settled on. Took them, with Talitha Cumi and David and Sarah as passengers. Obadiniah is translating the commandments, etc., into Mortlock language for Mr. Sturgis to send home by the Morning Star and have printed.

Arrived at Tar and anchored about dark. Mr. Sturgis and missionaries went on shore; heard the children singing Morning Star hymn to welcome them.

Wednesday [13th]. Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Chamberlain started in boat early this morning to visit another island 15 miles off and see the Chief or King. This afternoon went ashore and found the children ranged two in a line each side the walk singing Morning Star hymn. Went up to see missionaries' children. Men and women came in and set on floor to see us.

Paul was aboard this morning.....his wife's name is Paulina, but his name before the missionaries came was Elgar and hers Nokul. Learned me how to count; 1, yow, 2 erer, 3, egul, 4, fan, 5, lim, 6, won, 7, fiss, 8 warl, 9, teu, 10, youngol. House is fal, island, fanal. Yellow cushion around chignon is lakasaka, comb with feather, trea, preserved fish, layfowafou. While I was ashore, Obadinia made me a present of a native mantle for men and some shells, and Talitha

gave me a bracelet and some shells, and King's wife took off her necklace of black beads and gave me. Her husband's Christian name is Hezekiah and hers Hezekiana. Then Malina and her husband gave me a pair of shells.

Thursday, 14th. A very warm day. Natives on board, looking and lounging about, yellowing everything with the yellow powder they have on. Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Chamberlain, the mate and men arrived back from that island at daylight. Found the King and about 20 chiefs. They have built a house for a missionary, and Mr. Sturgis expected to bring Titus and Markapane to settle there. He says the Ponape people are very careful about burying their dead. Always bury them head to the westward, and no matter how worthless a person, if they cannot get pants or clothes to put on, and a coffin, they put boards around the sides, wrap them nicely in mats, and seize the ends with twine same as they lay seizings on their nice houses; then put a board over them, and never throw the first dirt on, but get down and lay it on. Which is pleasant to think of. So different from the Gilbert Islanders. Had a good prayer at evening service from Mr. Sturgis, who is anxious to live long so as to go carry missionaries to the people on Yap.

Friday [15th]. Paul was aboard again; says he has three children, one boy so high (8 years about), one girl so high (12), and another girl, "stops up here," (a young woman).

Went ashore this afternoon to the church, which was very neat-looking; pulpit seat covered with matting, two windows back of pulpit, quite a large platform covered with matting, and a small stand or desk covered with red calico. The post to the desk had a mask on the four sides - a huge face, black and white, carved in wood. They used to put them on their faces to frighten whoever they intended to kill.

Saturday, 16th. Barnabas and wife and two children, with native nurse for baby, came aboard from their island. Mr. Sturgis went up there and formed a church of sixteen people - second church formed in Mortlock. The nurse is entirely naked except a piece around the hips.

Afternoon, went ashore to church. The horn blowed and the people began to gather, and eight men and [eight] women took seats side by side..... The children were all gathered close up to the pulpit in front..... [they sang] "Where, O Where Are the Hebrew Children?" Then Mr. Sturgis, assisted by Obadinah, married each couple, they all standing and taking hold of hands, he addressing them in Ponape and Obadinah translating into Mortlock. Prayer, the children sung, and we all shook hands with the brides. They were all people from 30 to 50 in age. They seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

Then Obadinah and the Sabbath School children and teachers all came off on board and we played on the organ for their entertainment. Then they all went up on the house and sang for us several times in Mortlock, and answered all questions in catechism - who was first man, wisest, meekest, etc. They all repeated the Ten Commandments, we gave them some pictures, and they went home.

Sunday [17th]. Went ashore to church. Those couples that were married Saturday were all baptized and joined the church and partook of the Sacrament. Then Obadinah was ordained.

Tuesday, 19th. Got underway Monday, but it being calm, did not sail till [this] morning early. Sarah and David with the natives who came in their canoe started for home; they thought they would outsail us, but were a long ways behind when we lost sight of them. Were doing well and probably home that night. Lost sight of the Mortlocks about dark.

Tuesday, Oct. 26th. Have had squalls and calms ever since we left Mortlocks. Passed Ponape Sunday, hope to see Pinglap tomorrow. Esan and Malina and (their) two little boys, aboard, natives of Mortlock going to Ponape to school, fitting for teachers. Smallest boy about 5 years was entirely naked, but we have cut him some shirts and pants, and with a straw hat on he looks quite civilized. His father knows how to sew, as he has been a sailor, so made the boy's clothes.
Friday, 29th. Arrived Wednesday off Pingelap; Mr. Sturgis landed about dusk. There was a large concourse of people to meet him. Thursday afternoon we went ashore to missionary Manasseh's house; people on the road shaking hands all the way along. The konk [conch] was blowing for meeting when we went ashore. The church is very large, walls built of coral stone four feet thick, the timbers fastened with twine put on in layers crossing and re-crossing, very ornamental..... Three years ago, there was but one woman had a calico dress here; now they are all clothed, some extra well. Men with pants, shirts, vests and coats; about all with shirts and pants. Their houses were only thatched tents or roofs on the ground; now there are 50 houses or more, built about four feet from the ground, sides small reeds tied together, with thatched roof. Missionary Manasseh's house is quite large, has several rooms. Silvah is his wife's name; they have been here two years in February. Mr. Sturgis baptized and received into church 106, married 50 couples and ordained Manasseh as pastor.

Came on very squally towards night. Several canoes came off with bundles of mats, poultry, trunks, twine and bananas, throwed them in on deck. Then [our] boat came off in midst of a squall and came near swamping alongside. Had three large turtles but only got two in on deck; had to throw the other overboard to lighten boat, quick.

Ducks, chicken, turtles, etc. were in one general melee on deck, wind blowing, orders being given off, ducks and chickens squalling, turtle flapping his sides with his flippers. Aboard came five men and their wives, with two or three children crying and screaming, raining as hard as it could pour all the time, and the natives drawn off in the canoes wailing for those left on board to go to Ponape.

Mr. Sturgis came on board and we squared away for Mogil [Mokil], vessel rolling heavily. Arrived next morn about 9 A.M. Mr. Sturgis and Delegate went ashore, took ten into the church and brought off three young men and [their] wives to go to Ponape school.

Sunday, Oct. 31st. Arrived in Ponape 10 A.M. Passengers went ashore; our Mortlock passengers too. The littlest boy we called Charlie, and he could sing quite pretty.

Monday, Nov. 1st. Mr. Sturgis came off to breakfast and stayed to dinner. A very warm day for November. Mrs. Sturgis is down at Canaan with the Logans. Have been looking for her home all day, as she was to call alongside.

[Tuesday] Nov. 2. Arrived off Canaan just after dinner; came down inside the reef. Mr. Mellen and a Danish captain were aboard to dinner. Raining hard. Yesterday Mrs. Sturgis called alongside on her way home from Canaan. She seemed very comfortable in her canoe, four or five natives paddling.

Wednesday [Nov. 3rd]. Mr. Logan came off with Arty and made us a call. Some of the sailors got liquor on shore and became intoxicated, first time on voyage.

Friday, 5th. Went ashore in the boat early to spend the day at Mr. Logan's. Nice sail ashore. A very steep hill to climb from the landing; took it easy, sitting down three times, once under the eaves of the church; and found quite a crowd of natives gathered about me,

little boys and girls. Mr. Rand came down; said I reminded him of pictures of missionary women with children gathered round them. Enjoyed my rests looking at the scenery and sitting on terra firma. Such a nice cool breeze blowing. Gathered some cotton balls from a cotton tree at one of my sittings. Had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Logan, Rand, Whitney, etc. While at dinner, Andrew, Mr. Sturgis and Chamberlain came from the Morning Star. In the afternoon had a sort of general meeting upon matters connected with Ponape mission.

Thursday, Nov. 11. Came out from Kenan bound for Strong's Island. Were ready to sail the 9th, but wind died out calm and continued so yesterday. Went on shore to a little island near, the natives told us was Jebushek. Saw a large tree there fifteen feet around the trunk. Natives use the wood to make their canoes. It bears a beautiful flower that forms into a sort of chestnut, but not eatable. Nice sandy beach. Ferns and trees grow in great profusion. Such beautiful bouquets of different kinds of ferns hang from the sides of the trees like pictures. Our Hawaiian sailors wind the ferns, some of them yards in length, around their hats, and stick in pieces of a scarlet snowball-like flower, that grows as large as their hat-crowns, and look very "festivalish."

Thursday, Nov. 25th. Arrived here [Jaluit] Monday 22nd. Had a quick run from Strong's Island, where we arrived a week ago Wednesday. Were not able to go into the harbor at Kusie on account of head wind. Had heavy sea; lay off and on as well as we could while boat was bringing off Mr. Snow's things. At 7 P.M. Mr. Snow and wife came with last boat-load. Sea was so bad it was dangerous to life and limb trying to board. But Mrs. Snow and the Kusian cook's wife who is going to Ebon with them got aboard safe, and [also] the men, who were more used to climbing. Squared away, vessel rolling heavily, taking water on deck

through her scuppers and hawse-holes each time as she rolled. Heavy sea Thursday, but wind fair and got along nicely.

At that time they were having a tornado here, which drove ashore three schooners belonging to Capelle & Co., and a Russian barkentine named Julie Reitz - ship and cargo of copra a total loss. [Jaluit is] quite a desolate sight; ships bilged on the beach, trees uprooted in every direction and blocking the roads and paths. Hardly a green leaf to be seen; even the leaves of the bushes shrivelled and blackened. Some of the trees bent halfway to the ground by the wind still remain, so that one can almost imagine the tornado is still going on! The people are very downcast; so many breadfruit and coconut trees uprooted, and most of those standing [with] leaves all dead. They fear a famine.

Found all the Hawaiian missionaries and families collected here for General Meeting, which commenced Tuesday. The Hawaiians feel anxious for fear their islands have suffered too. Mr. Snow and wife went ashore to Mr. Capelle's to stop through General Meeting. I go ashore every day. Went yesterday forenoon to the Chief's and got some table-mats he has had embroidered for me. His wife and slave women were embroidering mats and braiding braid to put around the edge. It looked like pleasant, clean work. Mr. Rasen went as interpreter. Loiack, the King, said they could make me some fans if they worked smart.

This is Loiack's second wife; the first was killed in a quarrel or skirmish with some natives who drifted here from Manilla. Loiack with some of his tribe got started with them in canoes to go somewhere, and when they got outside, they began to think that Loiack was deceiving them, and began to sing and dance as they do before fighting. At last they pitched in, and Loiack's company being victorious, throwed

these natives over into the water, where they set up a great wail till the water stopped their voices. Loiack's little daughter by the wife that was killed is his heir, as the title and rank here all goes in the female line. The rulers of Ebon, Namerik, Lapalap, and some farther south in this Marshall range are all of one family. Those of Milli, Majero, Anno and islands to southward are another.

Took tea at Mr. Capelle's today; Thanksgiving at home. Tuesday, Nov. 30th. Got under way from Jaluit about half past eight. Had on board Capt. Harslager, mate and three men from barkentine Julie Reitz shipwrecked in late tornado, three Hawaiian missionaries and families, white missionaries and four servants, four Gilbert Islanders who were survivors of a large party who got blown in their canoes as far as Ebon. Most of them died from starvation and exposure before getting there; were afraid to land, too, as they did not know where they were, and feared that the natives would be hostile.

Passed Hunter's Island before dark. The trader's house was unroofed, trees blown down, and the island looks shipwrecked. Wednesday, Dec. 1st. Arrived at Namorik about 8 A.M. Trees look better here, though teacher Matthew who came off says their breadfruit trees are blown down and they felt the tornado. Mate and men [went ashore] with 5 oil casks to receive monthly contributions of oil, and all the Hawaiian and white men missionaries went [also]. Low tide, and sea breaks on reef too bad for women to land. Afternoon, tide being high, went ashore. The breakers on the reef threatened to swamp us, but we got through without getting a bit wet.

The trader, Umphrey, has a nice house and store. Went across the island and saw the lagoon. A great quantity of little fine shells on the beach there. Scooped my handkerchief full of shells and sand, but one of the sailors coming along with a pail he had been

filling oil casks with, scooped it full of sand and shells for me. Got some moss off the breadfruit trees. The breakers piled up a huge wall, running towards us and piling up as they came, but in a lull we went safely through without shipping any water. Sailors had their hats trimmed with ferns - first thing they do everywhere they land.

After tea, as Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Whitney and I were writing at the table, boat came alongside with the missionaries from shore and a quantity of chickens and pigs, each one as it came over the side trying to see which could make the most noise. Steward set the other end of the table with supper for the missionaries. Poultry and pigs had got calmed down, when they began to give off orders and square away with a six-knot breeze for Ebon.

[Thursday, Dec. 2nd?] At daylight, Land Ho! was shouted, and we expected we were almost there; but wind hauled ahead, and we beat up so as to anchor off the island about 1 o'clock. Mrs. Whitney and I went ashore about 3 o'clock. Found her house in good order, but the natives had brought the organ and some of the furniture from the Snow's house to theirs, for fear it was going to fall in the recent tornado. Ebon escaped with very little damage.

Sat. Dec. 4th. Jaluit in sight. Left Ebon Thursday. Stood in, had to tack twice, then hauled down our flag. Still they did not come, so put a letter in a bottle and had just thrown it over when we saw schoolmaster and children and Mr. Capelle on beach, and boat coming out. Throwed the vessel aback and waited. Soon Jose de Brun (Antone) came aboard. Said we got back so quick they thought Ebon was destroyed, and we were bringing Snows and Whitneys back and would come in. Off for Majero.

Tuesday, Dec. 7th. Laying off and on at Majero. Boat has just gone ashore with Rukewa and Miriam, his wife, who is the only one of these

Hawaiians who speaks English. The natives are running up the beach with their fringe dresses on, to meet the boat. This island looks well. It has not suffered from the storm. War commenced when the Morning Star was heaving up her anchor here in August to leave for Jaluit. There has been four wounded in one battle and three in another. A man not engaged in the fight ran over to tell his neighbor the news and a chance ball came and killed him.

(This is the last page in the book; whether there was another is not known.)

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